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Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

PATIENCE undertakes large tasks. onvictions make difficult things sy. "Enthusiasm," says Bulwer, is the genius of sincerity." With ch thoughts as these let the year's ork be begun in our churches and ubs.

ON behalf of UNITY readers we elcome Brother Hosmer not only to the Secretary's desk and to the Western Unitarian Headquarters, but to the UNITY sanctum. He will ke Mr. Effinger's place as Editor of he "Notes from the Field" depart- ent. To him all notices and items news intended for UNITY should be ddressed.

IN this season of the regirding for ork on the part of churches and min- ters, let the "previous question" be ly considered. Before any ques- ons of money raising, club organiz- g, Sunday-school and congregation ecruiting, should come the solemn uestion, "What is it all for?" Piti- le is the success won by a compro- mise, the triumphs of a hush on great soul problems. Broken notes in the spiritual as in the physical atmosphere do not carry far, they help make a *noise* but do not make *music*.

IN the present anxiety concerning the threatened invasion of the cholera, let it not be forgotten that there is need of a psychical as well as a physical preparation. The "scare" may become worse than the cholera. A *panic* is worse than an *epidemic*. Let there be a sanitation of minds as well as of sewers. If it comes let us meet it bravely, sanely, live to fight it and if needs be die like rational beings with our face to the foe.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, who has been doing so large and free a work for open religion in Leicester, England, has accepted a call from the "Free Christian Church," Croydon, London. In his letter of acceptance he says he goes "because it is one of the very freest churches in England." Hence it will give him a chance to work the more effectively for that ideal Free Church, to be made up of liberal religionists everywhere, to which he has given the significant name of "Our Father's Church."

MANY a minister will find in this sentence from the letter of John Page Hopps, referred to in another note, both consolation and inspiration: "The light here is often tremulous and dim, and we know not what is for the best. But, in a few years we shall understand; and then it will not matter whether we have been happy or sorrowful, rich or poor, befriended or lonely, successful or beaten. It will only matter that we tried to make the most of the little light and strength we had, and stood ready to take the staff in hand, and go wherever the Master seemed to lead."

THE question why experience does not teach us more is as old as the human mind that asks it. One reason is undoubtedly that given by a friend, who says the trouble is that "mistakes never duplicate themselves—the shoe pinches, but in a new spot." But we suspect the main reason lies in our own failing disposition to learn. At least we refuse to learn in ways that diminish the spirit of adventure, which is but another name for the spirit of hope and human trust. We shall never outgrow the experimental stage in our relations with our fellows or in our search for truth. We are wrong to wish to outgrow it, since life would then lose its keenest inspiration and joy. "Even after the shipwreck we try the sea again," says Seneca. We shall never know how dependent we are for both strength and happiness on the fact that it is mystery surrounds us, not actual and finished knowledge. It is this which gives rise to all the faith we possess, religious faith and human. Not that some degree of real knowledge does not enter into such faith, but it lives and thrives best on that which is unseen and unknown, drawing its life and nourishment from dark if not underground sources, like the plant. Experiment, failure, new trial, result a trifle better, hope a very little renewed, knowledge a little widened, leading to more effort still of a better order, the whole process infused with a divine undying hope, none the less operative for good because so little understood,—this seems to be the order and motive of human living.

THE reports of the Rev. DeWitt Talmage respecting his recent visit to the Czar have not elicited wholly favorable comments from the American press. It does not arouse a very sympathetic response in the republican heart to be told in the Brooklyn pastor's complacent way that the Czar is a "nice man," though temptation to cover one's host with praise is great when a guest receives the distinguished attentions which seem to have fallen to the share of Mr. Talmage. We read that he was accorded a "grand interview," whatever that may mean, with his majesty, was assigned a special suite of luxurious apartments in the royal palace, banqueted by the members of the court, presented to the empress, etc., etc. The *Independent* hopes that "the splendor and courtesy of this reception will not blind him to the fact that the man who entertained him is the chief responsible representative of the most cruel, despotic and pernicious government on the face of the earth." Mr. Talmage seems to be a favorite with the magnates of Europe. A year ago we were reading of his visit to Mr. Gladstone. The spectacle of the first living statesman lavishing hospitable attentions on the Tabernacle preacher was one to puzzle all but the foreign understanding, which however must be allowed its own right of selection in such matters.

THE eloquent temperance orator, John G. Woolley, had a sharp word to say against the Keeley system of curing drunkenness, in his address at the Christian Endeavor convention at New York. He expressed all the religious fanatic's distrust of a reform to be brought about by scientific means only, "hypodermic injections at prices which the great majority cannot afford to pay." In his estimation, drunkenness is less a disease than a tremendous sin, "what the sinner needs is not salve but salvation." This is the kind of reasoning to be expected from those thinkers who believe the world is a moral contradiction. We are no unqualified advocates of the Keeley system, and agree that the disease it aims to cure arises as often from a debilitated will as from purely physical causes; but we distrust even more than the methods at Dwight, that gospel plan of salvation which hopes to secure its object by the enslavement of the will and all other human faculties to the creed of miracle. And as for the commercial aspects of the two theories, we have no more disapproval of that which perhaps places itself beyond the needs of a large class by its charge of a $100 fee than of that plan which by the stultification of man's natural reason and judgment, the trade of a dying Saviour's virtues for the sinner's sins, can hope to save only about one-sixth, or even less of the human family.

THE letter with which Mrs. Humphry Ward prefaces the sixth edition of David Grieve partakes of the nature of a reply to her critics. Usually a novelist gains little by entering into controversies of this order, and it seems to us Mrs. Ward, in much that she has here written, proves no exception to the rule. In that which she has to say in defense of the charge made by some reviewers on the book's dullness, contrasting this verdict with others more favorable which pronounce it "a powerful story of absorbing interest," and in the attempt to show that the second work is fully the equal of her first, we think the noted author makes a strange mistake. We should be similarly impressed with an attempt on Mr. Gladstone's part to prove that he was still competent to carry on the work of the English government, or with any other effort at merely personal self-justification on the part of one who did not need it. But where Mrs. Ward discusses the more impersonal question of the relation of fiction to the thought problems of the age, she is on legitimate controversial ground, for the novelist as for anyone else. It is here she makes her strongest points. "I am so made," she says, "that I cannot picture a human being's development without wanting to know the whole, his religion as well as his business, his thoughts as well as his actions."

George William Curtis.

The foremost American lies dead. Not since the death of James Russell Lowell has the United States been called upon to mourn the death of a citizen eminent in so many fields as this accomplished editor, brilliant orator, the tireless and high-minded patriot, the devout thinker and reverent soul, George William Curtis. He was a man whose love of books brightened instead of obscured his interest in events. His study did not interfere with his duty at the polls. A citizen of the world, he was all the better citizen of nation, state, and city.

It is gratifying and encouraging to remember, at this time, that Mr. Curtis loved the breadth of the broadest Unitarianism; that he was a glad confessor at the shrine of ethical religion. Upon taking the chair of the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga a year ago, of which he was the honored president at his death, he disclaimed "any sectarian or denominational feeling," and any great interest in the conference, "if it were designed to draw more distinctly the lines or to build more firmly and strongly the walls of denominational difference." He further said, "I have heard that Unitarians are altogether given over to 'mere morality,' but I have not been dismayed, for it has seemed to me that both church and state might be greatly benefited by a little more morality."

It was but last week that there came to the senior editor of UNITY a message from the sick man's bedside expressing his interest in the approaching International Unitarian Congress, and regretting the ill health that delayed his co operation. The most silvery tongue that American Unitarianism possessed, which we had hoped might have welcomed our foreign guests in 1893, is silenced forever, but George William Curtis abides as an exponent of the wealth and the triumph of free thought in religion and of the open fellowship in religious organizations.

A Political Symposium.

The posters which announced the "Political Field Day" on Tower Hill for August 20th, invited "all parties to meet under the flag," each to answer the question, "What does your party propose to do for the people?" The method was declared to be, "not discussion but comparison of views." Four speeches were arranged for of an hour each, two before dinner and two after. The order of the speakers was determined by lot just before the exercises began. The program was literally carried out. The day was perfect, the attendance the largest of the season. Three counties were largely represented, and the occasion was one of delightful and significant social harmony as well as intellectual alacrity and vigilance.

The occasion was justified, if only it had called forth the introductory address of the president of the day, Senator R. L. Joiner, President also of the Tower Hill Company. He declared for the essential honesty of the rank and file of all parties. The serious intentions of each, the common desire of all for the public weal, the trickster and the demagogue found in each party, however active he may be, insignificant and uninfluential place in that party.

All the speakers proceeded to discuss the situation upon the theory of the chair. There was no use of ridicule or abuse; the personalities, innuendo and wit of the old-fashioned stump speech were omitted, and although the speakers stood behind, if not upon a veritable stump, their addresses and the reception of the same were bathed in an atmosphere of sincerity and ethical earnestness which well deserved the word religious, and which religious bodies might well emulate though they seldom reach it.

The first speech was made by Mrs. Oella Brown of Colorado, a sister to the Rev. Olympia Brown of our UNITY fellowship. She spoke for the Prohibition party and the attendant cause of Woman's Suffrage. The next speech was by the Republican, Gen. Lucius Fairchild, the one-armed hero of the "Iron Brigade," one of the foremost citizens of the state which has honored him with the highest offices at her command. His argument was wholly for a protective tariff, and it was on historic lines. He claimed that present republicanism is good old fashioned Jeffersonian and Jacksonian democracy.

After dinner Mr. Estelle of New York, who is campaining for Cleveland in the West, made the counter arguement for free trade or at least for a *movement* in that direction. He spoke as one who had been a protected laborer in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. The last speech was by Mr. H. F. Hixson, of Racine, Wis., who with a startling array of figures clearly displayed in large charts held the audience for the last of the four hours and then they asked for more. The cause of the People's Party and the cry of the laborer was listened to by none more respectfully or sympathetically than by the speakers that had preceded him.

There was no place or time for a needed fifth speaker to have represented the rising multitudes of Independents in politics who are ready to recognize and work for the good in all these parties, to rebuke and oppose the bad men in each.

Why was this large audience, many of them sitting on hard planks outside the pavilion, so willing to listen to such a long discussion, while to have listened to as many sermons of the same length would have been the cause of so much complaint and open rebellion? Let not the preacher's explanation of this fact be characterized with too much complacency, or based on too pessimistic a theory of the human interest. When the advocates of religion become as vitally associated with the living questions, the needs and the hopes of living men and living women as their political speakers were, then will its advocates be listened to with as much interest. Then the preacher will become the statesman *par excellence* and his face will shine with the radiance of a new gospel and he will become a present inspiration of which men cannot tire.

Nothing but the camera, which fortunately was not wanting, can do justice to the "barbecue" end of this festival of politics, whose provisions for the stomach were as bountiful as those for the head. The roasting out of doors to a perfection of flavor an entire "critter" and several pigs in the same manner, the serving the same in connection with boiled potato, succotash, bread and butter and coffee over an improvised table in the woods to several hundred people who brought, or were supposed to have brought, their own knives, forks, spoons and cups is a feat which belongs to Arkansas rather than Wisconsin life; but that it can be done in Wisconsin, at least by one who has had an Arkansas training, was abundantly proven by Lloyd G. Wheeler, of Chicago, the successful "chef" of the occasion, whose popularity that day threatened to out-rival that of the most brilliant speakers. The few dwellers on Tower Hill who stole out of their beds in the wee hours of the night to see this hero of the spit with his few assistants braving like Casabianca fire and smoke, will agree with the present reporter that the honors were hard earned.

May the hospitable temper, the truth-seeking spirit, the fair-to-your-opponent attitude of the Tower Hill political meeting be the clew which our UNITY readers will follow throughout the searching and important presidental campaign now pending.

By the Roadside.

I have just come in from a walk of some nine miles along country roads. My way lay through woods, by thickets of brush and bramble, over stony uplands and along quiet meadows. Now it was a main road and much traveled, and now I turned through cross-roads little more than cart-paths double-lining the green turf; for I steered my steps to bring me home again without repeating my path. The sky was without fleck and the air fresh—one of those mornings that seemed to Herbert "the bridal of the earth and sky." The golden-rod had begun to yellow the waysides and patches of pasture. Bunches of thistle stood up here and there in their royal purple. The ripening berries of the elder were as beautiful as blossoms amid their green; and in one thicket I saw some belated blooms, their soft white side by side with the reddening fruit. How many people, by the way, fully appreciate this common wildling of our northern waysides and meadows, with its wealth of June blossom and its season-long beauty in bud and bloom and berry? As I walked through the wooded places I came upon banks of moss and fern and caught the sound of running waters. What an exquisite bit for one's window-garden, could he but pluck up a piece of this unstudied growth and keep by art the charming disorder and freshness of nature! I never cease to be struck by this unfolding drama that moves on without break or tire, and whether human eyes be by to witness it or not. The miracle of miracles is the unfailing order and constancy that encompass us. That was a natural question of Emerson's friend as to the rhodora, growing there seemingly but "to please the desert and the sluggish brook." Has not like question occurred often to many of us? And the poet's answer is the large and devout answer alike to head and heart. Go where we will, by ways little frequented or never before trod, some beauty gladdens the seeing eye, some whisper speaks to the hearing ear. By every path there is some object to arrest attention and awaken interest. All nature becomes symbol and suggestion to the soul. And the charm of it all is that this action is never obtrusive, but steals upon us like the morning and night, without noise or cry. "Their sound is not heard." It is this subtle power of woods and fields, of all natural objects, that is the secret of their ministry. They new-atmosphere us as we go to them from the care that has grown monotony and the weariness that weighs us down. In that new atmosphere we regain our clearer vision and feel renewed force of will. We can be preached *to*, but none of us loves to be preached *at*. And the natural world preaches to us, never at us. This seems to be nature's method—the helpful influence of mountain and meadow, of streams and woods, the songs of birds, the lilies of the field and the stars by night.

And is there not hint and suggestion here for him who would quicken in another the sense of spiritual things, the soul's trust and rest in

> "The truths that never can be proved
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flow from, soul in soul"?

It seems to me there is. That is a word of deep insight in Emerson's famous *Address*, "Truly speaking, it is not instruction, but provocation, that I can receive from another soul." Yet the church has too often acted on a different theory and identified repeating the catechism with spiritual vision; and no small part of average sermonizing is given to the inculcation of dogmas instead of opening the eyes of the soul. But the higher truths of the spirit come to us, if they come at all, not from the threshings of theological argument, and still less from the arrogant assumptions of ecclesiastical infallibilities. They orb themselves to the soul in its moments of finer insight and vision, vanish to reappear in clearer outline, and grow to be a part of our stable conviction in proportion as life rises in its aspiration and aim. They flash upon us in unwonted beauty and brightness at unlooked-for turnings of the way and leave their light upon our immediate path. The thing that most helps one here is not attempted proofs, but new suggestions that take the soul to new windows of outlook and show how unwarranted are the bounds it has been setting to its hopes and possibilities. It is not the imparting of instruction but the quickening of inward power. It is the diversion of thought to fresh channels. It is the change of atmosphere, in the breathing of which new strength and help are found, It is the touch of living forces upon life.

F. L. H.

A MERE memory must always grow weaker as the years pass. A mere memory, therefore, is never the incentive for a forward movement. Confucianism, Calvinism, Mohammedanism, Puritanism—be it what it may, if it draws its inspiration from a historical reminiscence, a movement either grows weaker and weaker as it is further separated from its original source, or ceases to be a movement at all, and becomes simply a stereotyped reproduction of what once was, but is no longer, a living thing. Life requires hope. Movement borrows its inspiration from the future, not from the past. Progress is toward something; and that something must be more or less clearly discerned.—*Lyman Abbott.*

Men and Things.

THE eightieth birthday of Mrs. Hen Ward Beecher was celebrated at Col. H. Beecher's in Yonkers, N. Y., the 26th August.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON has ag appeared on the platform, having lat given her lecture on Joan of Arc, at Asbu Park, N. J.

THE enterprise of the "glorious coun of California" is proved anew in the sta ment that peach-stones are widely used fuel in that section. They are supplied canning factories, and bring fifteen doll per ton.

THE English Wesleyan Methodist Conf ence at its recent session considered the visability of removing the three years ti limit to the itinerancy. After an earn discussion a committee was appointed to quire into the merits of the question a report at the next session.

WE learn from Mr. Sharp's article in recent number of the *Forum* that Thom Hardy's first literary production was essay on colored brick architecture, writt with so much technical knowledge, and so creditable a style that the author w awarded the medal of the Institute Architects.

THE Queen Regent of Spain is endeavo ing to accomplish a most desirable refo in bringing her influence to bear again bull fighting. Her efforts have thus far m with little success, since it is recorded th every Sunday the arena at Madrid, acco modating 16,000 people, is patronized much as ever.

MR. GEORGE ANGELL, the president the Massachusetts Society for the Preve tion of Cruelty to Animals, seeing the i quiry in the papers, whether any book h ever been sold in so large a quantity to o buyer as a recent sale of 50,000 copies, say "I have had the pleasure of seeing in o lot 100,000 copies of Black Beauty.

MRS. CYNTHIA M. WESTOVER is the i ventor of an improved cart for carryi earth out of mines and tunnels, which r cently received complimentary mention the French Society of Inventors. Mi Westover, we learn from the *Woma Journal*, is a grandaughter of Alexand Campbell, the founder of the Christi Church.

"THE number of men," says Walt Besant, "who actually live by the produ tion of original work, apart from journalis in any of its branches, is comparative small. There are half a dozen dramatist about a hundred novelists; a few successf writers of educational books, which are deed a mine of wealth if one can succee and a few publishers' hacks. The greate prizes are those of the dramatists.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES has made appe to Parliament to put a stop to gambling horse-races by absolutely prohibiting t publication in any newspaper of the betti odds. One of our exchanges thinks ve naturally that a body that usually adjour to attend horse-races is not likely to p any attention to such an appeal. But hopes the new Parliament in this respe may be an improvement upon its prec cessors.

RECENT report says that the English Ge graphical Society has decided to adm women as fellows. The Zoological Socie already does so "with the same privileg and under the same regulations in respects as gentlemen," but the rule seer inoperative, since we are told the doo keeper excludes them from the meetin The Geologists' Association has always a mitted women as members, and has th year elected one as a vice-president.

AT the last commencement of the Divini School of Galesburg, B. W. Jones and E K. Jones, husband and wife, were amo the graduates and each received the degr of bachelor of divinity. Each has sin been ordained to the ministry and the two a preaching together at a place containi several churches in its suburbs. One of t city press, recording this, adds "There a now on record three husbands and wiv associated together in the ministry." B this computation cannot include the asso ate married ministers in the Unitari church, who alone outrank this number.

WE learn from the Kalamazoo *Telegra* in a letter from Miss Caroline J. Bartle that she has been taking part in Engli politics, making as she says her maid political speech in a foreign land. Acco paning her friend, Miss Florence Balgarn —whose recent visit to this country o readers will remember—to a workingma meeting in North London at which t latter was to speak, Miss Bartlett was al introduced to the audience, composed hundreds of working men who listen "with their hats off," and spoke like o to the manner born. Miss Bartlett relate short interview with Justin McCarthy, t Irish leader.

Contributed and Selected.

Say Not "Vain Gods."

'he soul's pure impulse ever doth aspire,
nd o'er our broken idols climb we higher,
Rising still nearer to the Perfect thought,
ay not, "vain gods"— they have their
mission wrought.

ove's fairest form I worshiped in the light,
o! it was self that mocked me in the
night.
'Service," I cried, and rev'rent bent the
knee,
o clay my idol turned, and set me free.

'Friendship, ah, surely thou canst reign
supreme,"
bowed my head -she flitted forth, a
dream.

'Work, in thy name alone shall incense
rise,"
ain quenched the fires, and left but sacri-
fice.

'There is no God," I said, "save only
chance,
needs must worship. Rise, then, Circum-
stance."
azing on her, unbent, unawed, I saw
he wondrous workings of a ceaseless law.

aw perfect, wasteless, change from wreck
and storm
My shattered idols into nobler form,
aw, labor, friendship, service, love divine,
ll in "The Unknown God" again are
mine.

HARRIET BELLE BARTON.

Our Trip Through the Yellowstone Park.

At a distance of about fifteen hundred miles from Chicago, in the northwest corner of the state of Wyoming, lies the Yellowstone National Park, surrounded by mountain ranges, and through its center runs diagonally the Continental Divide where lie the head waters of those streams which run north to the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers; west to the Snake and Columbia Rivers; and south, the rivers which flow to the Gulf of Mexico.

At one time no doubt subterranean fires burst forth through the crust of the earth's surface, and what titanic forces were then displayed, we can but faintly imagine from the stratified rocks seen on every side tumbled in promiscuous shapes, and other rocks of volcanic formation show how intense the heat must have been to melt the rocks into conglomerate and lava-like form. But this was ages ago, and to-day all we see are the remains; boiling pools and geysers, gigantic cliffs and deep canyons, beautiful in their magnitude; mud geysers hideous in their uncanny looks, are seen everywhere. But above all, the wild and grand scenery of forest and stream conceals these wonders of nature and surrounds them with a background of verdure, which contrasts strikingly with the lava-like formation upon which no verdure exists among the pools and geysers.

Leaving the train at Cinnabar, Montana, we drove upon stages along the banks of the Gardener River, some ten miles, winding along its banks with high precipitous cliffs overhanging the road, crossing and recrossing that turbulent stream until we commenced to climb the hill up to Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, which is 6,200 feet above sea level. The plateau upon which the hotel is located, and also the quarters of the troop of cavalry, is formed of the curious formation from the boiling springs which gradually become filled with lime-like deposit and choke up for a brief period, only to burst forth again higher up the hill side. Many curious forms of these springs are seen, some of them depositing a pinkish substance, others green and the great preponderance a white calcareous substance, turning gray after years of exposure to air.

The start through the park is made from Mammoth Hot Springs, where we prepare for our sight seeing and get our cameras well loaded and make ourselves comfortable in the stages for our seven days' tour. From Mammoth Hot Springs the road leads up through Golden Gate, on to a plateau above. The scenery through this road, while beautiful, does not appall one with vastness, but prepares for the beauties and wonders to follow. The road is cut out of the solid rock a portion of the way on the side of a precipice, which is covered with golden moss, and the name given is quite appropriate.

On the plateau we pass springs, and beaver ponds, sulphur pools innumerable, and occasionally an elk runs across our path, dashing vigorously up the hillside. We see obsidian cliffs, where not so many years ago, the Indians made their annual rendezvous for the obsidian, in order to tip their spears and arrows with the glass-like substance. Arriving at the Norris Geyser Basin about noon, we lunch at the hotel and then view the mud holes and geysers, with steam escaping like the hoarse roar of an ocean greyhound fretting at her dock at New York getting ready for a trip across the briny. But here the roar is continuous, summer and winter, day and night, until nature calls a halt. Farther on we cross the Gibbon meadow and pass on down the Gibbon canyon along the banks of the Gibbon river. On every side the mountains hem us in and as we see the frowning precipices covered with moss and shrubbery they hide and beautify them. Fording the river we climb a hill and go through the dense forest until we get over the hills to another stream running in a different direction and appropriately called the Fire Hole river, for into it empty geysers and boiling springs and it drains Hell's Half acre, but more of that later. As even approaches we see the red roof of the Fountain Geyser hotel, where we are to stay for the night and prepare for the next day. After supper, however, we walked over to the great Fountain Geyser and paint pots and hot springs, and exercised our limbs after riding all day.

The next day we started out for the Upper Geyser basin in the stage. This basin contains countless beautiful boiling pools and geysers. Turquoise Lake, Prismatic Lake, etc., do not belie their names, as they are indeed beautiful, with the sky reflected upon their faces and that deep crystal blue shade to the water, bordered with a salmon colored rock from the substance contained in the water, Passing along on the stage we examined the vast Excelsior geyser, which, when in action, raises the water in Fire Hole river seven or eight inches, so vast is the amount of water thrown up. The names given are on account of the shape of the orifice through which they play, such as Fan, Morning Glory, Lion, Mortar and Grotto. We had the pleasure of seeing the Grotto in action while passing it. Then up at the Upper basin we saw the numberless workers, chief among which were the Bee Hive, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, Infant, Chinaman and Old Faithful, throwing streams from 50 to 250 feet high. Of course these are not all in action at the same time, and are very irregular in their workings excepting Old Faithful, who every sixty-five minutes, day and night, summer and winter, keeps up his reputation among thousands of delighted tourists. First we hear the low mutterings of the geyser far below and see the steam increasing in volume, until after a few spasmodic splurts, he bursts forth into play, throwing a stream 200 feet high for ten minutes, gradually becoming less and less until he sinks, groaning like a lost soul in Purgatory, down into the bowels of the earth, only to again reappear after sixty-five minutes' rest. On our way back to the Fountain hotel for the night we visited and examined Hell's Half acre, and saw the different devil's utensils and places of abode which are supposed to belong to that mythological character. Sulphur is very prevalent and hot water also, so we did not linger too long amid the scene, but watched them hiss and bubble. It is not like the bubble of a tea kettle boiling, but more of a gurgling hiss which is hard to describe. Nature, indeed, makes a wonderful devil when she wants to.

The next day we went over to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Here the scenery changes; no more hot springs but in their places long hills to climb and beautiful cascades, rapids and falls. Every stream does not glide here, it boils and dashes down the hillside as if in a hurry to get to the bottom. The scenery at Grand Canyon is magnificently beautiful. There is so much to see that one is bewildered where to go first and what to look at. A quarter of a mile from the hotel lies the canyon, where one can spend hours gazing down into that awful abyss from an overhanging crag, until you become accustomed to its vastness and can realize the height and depth and beauty of the scene. The Yellowstone river, a turbulent mountain stream seventy-five yards wide, appears like a silver thread winding with sinuous curves along the bottom. On either side rise the rocky walls of the canyon thousands of feet, almost perpendicularly, colored with yellow and purple and forming an indescribable color, whose beauty sickens one at first but can not be effaced, and gradually grows so upon you that you are spell-bound and wonder where nature obtained those pigments and colors. The lower falls of the Yellowstone, 360 feet high, seem insignificant in that vast amphitheater, and are dwarfed by the surroundings. Around the hills and abounding everywhere are mountain streams dashing down the hill-sides, and as they reach the Grand Canyon they lose themselves in spray or trickle slowly down the sides. The green trees and yellow rocks and fantastic pinnacles seem to carry one back to stories of German folk lore in olden days when enchanted castles were upon every crag, and goblins and gnomes haunted every cave and crevice.

But we must push on, along the banks of the Yellowstone river, covered here and there with ducks and geese, pelicans and swans, all in their native state. What an inspiring sight it is to see a wild swan, with his snowy feathers, winging heavily along the surface of the water with his graceful neck far out in front of him, and alighting with ease at the desired spot in the river. At the Yellowstone Lake we have the Switzerland of America. A body of water 7,700 feet above sea level, surrounded by mountains whose snow-clad tops are reflected upon the bosom of the water, and make a scene we can but faintly imagine and which I am powerless to describe. A steamer takes one across the lake and along the shores to the desired spots and one sits in the bow drinking in great draughts of air upon this vast fresh water sea, and admiring the mountains whose sides rise gradually from water's edge to peak and show the symmetry of a hill to advantage. But like all good things, this must have an end, and we turn our backs upon the scene with brains stored with a fund to draw upon for a life time, and the journey back is one of regret—regret that we can not bring away more than our brain can compass, and regret that all the world can not see as we have seen nature's wonders, and worshiped at nature's shrine. As Mecca is to the Moslem so should the Yellowstone Park be to the lover of the good, the true and the beautiful.

Hero Worship.

"Men have a poor eye for the truest heroes round about them in their own day; their hero-worship is concerned chiefly with the past," says Edwin D. Mead in his Editor's Table in the July *New England Magazine*. "Emerson said of Webster, at the time of the Fugitive Slave law, when Garrison and Phillips and Parker and Whittier were waging their great fight: 'He knows the heroes of 1776, but can not see those of 1851 when he meets them in the street.'" However severe this view of Webster may be, the word is true of a thousand thousand men. It is as common to-day as it was in Christ's time and before Christ's time, for men who busy themselves in painting the tombs of the prophets to be just as busy in stoning the prophet sent unto their own generation. Carlyle himself, the greatest of all our hero-worshipers, whose name rushes to our lips at the very mention of heroes and heroism, had but a poor eye and ear for the heroic figures and voices of his own epoch. He never caught Mazzini's vision, he hardly understood what Mazzini was about in the world, even when he had him for his neighbor and went in and out with him day by day. There had been no considerable exhibition of heroism in England, according to his vision, for two centuries—no real body of heroes since the Puritans. It may well be doubted whether, had he been the contemporary of Cromwell or of Luther, whom he celebrated so well, he would not have been found their enemy and counted them malcontents, busybodies, and disorderly fellows.—*Edwin D. Mead.*

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Relation of Beauty to Life.

By Rev. John R. Effinger.

"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."—Psalm 90 : 17.

It is apparent even to the casual observer, that the love of beauty is a marked characteristic of our time. In the centers of trade, in the private homes, in personal attire, in the ordering of social entertainments, at the wedding festival or the funeral rite, everywhere we witness the endeavor to please the eye by a happy arrangement of forms and combination of harmonious colors. The shop windows become things of art. A business card or a bill of fare no longer contains a simple, prosaic statement of certain facts or items of interest, but is first of all beautiful, as if its beauty were its chief reason for being. Money is poured out in abundance to secure effects the most striking or agreeable, and life on the outside puts on the festal appearance of a gala day.

In view of all that it involves, in view of the results which on a large scale have been seen in other times and lands, which in individual cases are often seen in our own day to flow from the constant appeal to and gratification of the love of beauty it is worth while to ask—What is the relation of beauty to life? Is it the minister of good or evil?

This is not a new question. It is one that the wise and earnest have been asking for many centuries. Seven hundred years before Jesus, we read that Buddha rose up at night and fled away from his palace of soft delights, to escape the enticements of beauty; in order to give himself wholly to large and serious work for humanity. Beauty, he felt, was a snare. The delight of the senses but lured the mind away from the things that make for its eternal weal. Simplicity, self-denial, renunciation was the gospel he preached, the panacea he proclaimed for the ills of life. And multitudes followed his call, until dying at eighty, the old Gotama beheld "the yellow cloaks of his monks fluttering in all the roads of India."

Again in the beginning of the Christian era, in the midst of a civilization in which the love of physical beauty and luxury dominated the souls of men, there appeared the poorly clad follower of Christ, who with serious eye and unpolished speech proceeded to set up the court of the moral sense, in which to arraign this fair enchantress and decide upon her claims to the homage of men. And the verdict of that court was against her. She was condemned and stigmatized as the soul's most dreadful enemy. The Christian community retired within itself, put on the armor of self-defense against all worldly allurements and once more those who would serve God and escape the snares of the evil one, fled to the solitudes, to caves and cloisters, where renouncing all the beauty and joy of life, they devoted themselves to abstinence and prayer, to the succour of the unfortunate and the alleviation of the miseries of the poor.

But the spirit of beauty was not thus to be exorcised. The religion which turned its back on the rare works of pagan art became itself the adorning worshipper at the shrine of Christian art. The objects of Christian faith and love were recommended to rich and poor alike by the beauty of the forms in which they were presented. Painting and architecture became the handmaids of religion, and beauty mounted the throne of the Christian, as it had that of the pagan world, and became again the all-absorbing passion.

In the natural course of things, because the human soul can not feed its hunger on the things of sense or find permanent rest and refreshment in outward grace and beauty, there arose a new revolt, a new upheaval of the moral nature. George Fox, in England, heard the call of God to separate himself from the vanities of the world. And in his homely leathern suit, in scorn of the fripperies of his time, he went apart into solitude to struggle with the angel of truth and reality, until the heavenly light came streaming in and his duty grew clear to him. And from this struggle he returned to be the disturber of pompous respectability, the torment of churchmen and the evangel of the holy spirit to the simple and sincere souls who, with him and Margaret Fell were the first who were called "Quakers," and who called themselves the "Society of Friends." In the firm conviction of its hurtfulness to the soul, they set themselves resolutely against any indulgence of the taste whether in dress or speech or manners. Only the severest utility must be countenanced. All the beauty of color and form, the delights of music and painting, they solemnly eschewed as so many snares to the Christian's feet, and the graceful compliments and redundancies of speech that were current about them they lopped off with merciless hand. "Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

And side by side with these came the Puritan and soon after, the early Methodist, inveighing against the fashions of the world and proclaiming the old gospel of renunciation and self-sacrifice. "Be ye not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." For a long time beauty was again under ban of the religious world, and virtue was supposed to reside with the stern and uncompromising spirit that turned away from the pleasant side of life, and prided itself in bare rooms and homely garb and stiff demeanor. So deeply was this spirit ingrained into the minds of the men and women of a few generations ago, that there are many now living who can only indulge their love of beauty under a haunting sense of doing something that is not quite allowable, something disloyal to the faith and usage of the fathers. But whether we will or no, beauty has come to her own again. She is no longer under ban. Even the straightest of the sects have opened their doors to her beguiling presence. Her devotees are found in all the churches, and religion welcomes her as friend and ally. At a recent laying of the corner-stone of a Methodist church which was expected to be, when finished, a model of beauty and convenience, I heard the speakers make themselves merry over the old-fashioned plainness and declare that no building could be too beautiful and luxurious for Methodists.

But must not the serious mind still ask,—what is the true relation of beauty to life? Was the revolt of asceticism against the spirit of the old civilizations justifiable? Were George Fox and Margaret Fell and William Penn and John Wesley mere fools and fanatics? Or was there a true instinct behind their action, some real ground for their settled distrust of softness and sensual delight?

How can we look out upon the world in which we live and behold the lovely hues and shapes which greet us on every side, the majesty of the mountain and the sea, the blue of the sky, the solemn glory of the starlight, the flowers that seem to bud and blossom out of the very soul of loveliness, the touches and traces of a delicate, intense, all-pervading artistic spirit upon the commonest and smallest things of the natural world,—upon beetle's back and butterfly's wing and blossom of homeliest wayside weed, without feeling that beauty is divine, a manifestation of that infinite life in which we have our being. The love of beauty then we must regard as part of our natural endowment as children of God. Indeed this love is not confined to human beings, but is found in bird and bee and butterfly as well; for these too are attracted by beautiful forms and colors and delightful odors. Mr. Darwin tells us that the beautiful colors and patterns of wing among butterflies are evidently objects of admiration in butterfly society; that the plants which depend upon the insects for their fertilization are rendered attractive to them by brilliant coloring; and that "the humming-bird sphinx may often be seen to swoop down from a distance on a bunch of flowers in the midst of green foliage," and has also been observed to make repeated visits to "flowers painted on the walls of a room."

The rudest savage feels dimly after beauty in his love of brilliant color and grotesque ornamentation. As the soul of man grows gentler and finer his ideas of beauty undergo gradual transformation. Instead of decking himself with tawdry and useless finery, often to his own discomfort and disfigurement, his more cultivated taste finds expression in making beautiful the things of use and comfort which enter into his daily life. It is related of an Indian girl, who spent several years at the Hampton School in Virginia, that she was all that time under the delusion that the home she had left behind her on the Western plains was one of unusual splendor and attractiveness. But on returning, with more cultivated tastes and stricter notions in regard to cleanliness and comfort than she bore away with her, she was shocked and horrified beyond expression to find her idolized home the abode of filth and squalor, and immediately inaugurated a campaign of house-cleaning and improvement such as had never before been witnessed in the history of her tribe.

The love of beauty is without doubt a most important aid to human advancement and elevation. It is just here that those who are working among the lower classes must begin. It is in teaching the degraded and vicious to perceive and to love the beauty of order and cleanliness, that the fulcrum is first found to lift them into a better life. The preacher who in Chicago or Boston, finds it necessary to warn his hearers against the temptations and allurements of a too luxurious mode of living and exhort them to moderation and simplicity in their habits of life, finds himself in another latitude, as Chaney did in the Sandwich Islands, compelled to reverse the process and point out the advantages that would come of beautiful homes and all the appliances of a more refined and cultivated social life. And where this appeal awakens no response, where the love of beauty can not be kindled, it is difficult, if not impossible, to start the forces of a new life.

The ministry of beauty to our lives is divinely ordered. It awakens and inspires the dull intellect. It smooths off the rough corners and sharp edges of existence. It softens the harsh note and attunes the discords of daily intercourse. Plant a genuine love of beauty, in all its deep and sacred meanings, in the center of a home, and you will have a spot not only beautiful to the eye, but beautiful to the heart. The law of beauty will be found to be synonymous with the law of highest life, the law of love, of truth, of righteousness. We may look upon this earth with all its lovely forms and colors as God's great kindergarten in whi the solemn lessons of life and duty a to be learned. The eye is caught pictures of beauty. The heart of t child leaps up when he beholds rainbow in the sky. At first it is b a painted bow in the heavens. So he learns that it is not something ar ficial, but something rooted in sourc and controlled by laws as eternal as t universe. If we could find out ho the rose is tinted and perfumed, should find that it is done in accor ance with a law as fixed and unvar ing as that of the rainbow, that it a revelation of beauty at the heart things. The flowers breathe love a purity and the golden harvest is parable of life's fulfillment. T trees of the field preach rectitude a "the strength of the hills is his also Beauty is but another form in whi the great moral forces of the univer are manifested. It is meant to i terpret God to us. It is as one h said "an adumbration of the unse character of the eternal one."

When the psalmist exclaime "The beauty of the Lord be up us!" he must have had some openi of vision which enabled him to s "God in the stars, in the stone, the flesh, in the soul, in the clod," the glory of love and courage, in t transfiguration which comes of hi endeavor and noble striving. many, sorrow, pain and loss are t stern teachers given to guide them the secret places of strength and tru and yet to us all beauty is or may a heavenly teacher and guide. "A true culture," says Emerson, "is the last analysis moral in its nature There can be no real or satisfyi beauty of any sort which does n flow from within, which is not t manifestation of a beautiful soul.

If beauty is God's gift, is one e pression of his life and love, if it is minister of good, of joy, of healt of growth, how can it ever le astray? What justification had m ever for despising it, for turning the backs on it in fear and hate, for stri ing with all the force of moral conv tion to stamp out the love of it fro their souls? Why have men soug refuge from it in cheerless cell a cloister and solitary cave? W have they denied themselves the gra ification of every taste and stood o as a living protest against all t lavish beauty of the world? W must freely admit, when we look in it, that there have been excellent re sons for just this, that the record Asceticism, of Puritanism, of ear Methodism, in their condemnation beauty is one most creditable, mo honorable to human nature. "Wh beauty is not the step by which t soul springs upward, very speedily becomes a snare to lure it downward When the mind comes to rest in me outward beauty, to find in that an en then experience has shown that ceases to be a minister of good. our minds are so dull that beau suggests nothing higher than itse if we seek in it no moral or spiritu significance, it but weaves a spell enchantment over the sensuous na ure, lulling it into softness and i dolence and sapping the foundatio of the moral life.

Over and over again has the wor witnessed the spectacle of a nati intoxicated with sensuous beauty a thereby made weak, effeminate, i famous, the prey of the vilest a meanest passions; its religion but empty show; its dazzling social li but the glittering mask of untold i purity and cruelty and selfishnes Is it at all wonderful that true a earnest witnesses of God and the so in the ages past, should have turn away with abhorrence from this syre whose song seemed to them to l into fatal slumber the higher natu of man; that they should have r garded beauty as their treachero

emy and have been willing to sub-
it to any deprivation rather than
bject themselves again to her fasci-
itions? To them the choice seemed
be between beauty on the one side
id purity on the other; between the
elights of the eye and the stern re-
iirements of duty; between the
anescent joys of earth and the pure
iss of the heavenly life. And no
ie who is alive to the worth and the
ory of man's moral nature can for a
oment wonder at the choice they
ade, or fail to see that by that
oice the cause of morality and re-
gion was rescued from overthrow and
lvanced to nobler conquests.

Is there any danger that beauty will
me to bear such a relation to the
e of this century and this nation, as
has borne to the life of other times?
re there tendencies at work among
, which, if unchecked, will in some
ture day make necessary a new pro-
st of the moral sense as resolute and
eroic as any in the past? If we look
refully into the life of our time, I
ink we shall see signs of a revival
the old pagan worship of beauty.
To many, in what are called the
ghest social circles, a falsehood is
ss reprehensible than a blunder.
ith some, the love of the outwardly
autiful seems to crowd out humane
eling and moral aspiration, and re-
ve them from the duty of service
their fellows, from every hard en-
unter or disagreeable contact for
ght's sake, or truth's sake. There
e those all about us who take beauty
art from its moral significance and
ake it the pursuit of their lives, the
ol before which they burn unceasing
cense, upon whose altar they offer
love, faith, moral courage, and all
e higher concerns of the spirit. In
l this absorbtion in the outward, in
is easy forgetting of duty and re-
onsibility and the deep things of
e spirit in the mere delight in beau-
ful effects to eye and ear, do we not
hold the same subtle agencies at
ork that brought blight and ruin
the social and national life of former
nerations?

While we must hold that beauty is
od, is divine in essence, and that it
a natural and healthful delight for
to take pleasure in it, it is never-
eless true that when taken apart
om its moral meanings and uses,
hen the love of it is indulged at the
pense of conscience and honor, and
the neglect of the serious duties
d responsibilities of life, it becomes
snare, a means of degradation and
t of elevation to the soul. Beauty
at has no root in the moral life
res the rash and eager feet of her
taries into dark and dangerous
lds, and at last turns on them a
ce of hideous ugliness. The high-
t beauty, the beauty that knows no
cay, whose charm is constant and
er increasing is inseparable from
e highest goodness and purity.
hat face alone is a beautiful face
hich bears the imprint of a beauti-
l soul. "It is the spirit's beauty that
akes the best face—even for the
ening's company, and spirits' beauty
the only beauty that outlasts the
ork and wear and pain of life."
hat life only is a beautiful life which is
ll of love and faith and sincerity and
earnest seeking after highest things.
It is ours to enjoy all the beauty that
lls to human life, but let us remem-
r that it is given for the soul and
t the soul for it, that to put the
rsuit and enjoyment of beauty for
s own sake in place of moral earnest-
ss and moral endeavor, is to degrade
auty from its highest uses and make
the minister of evil and not of good
our souls.

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty:
voke—and found that life was duty.
as my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
il on, sad heart, courageously;
id thou shalt find thy dream shall be
noonday light and truth to thee.

The fairest blossoms of beauty spring from the soil of exacting duty. Let us not fancy that there is no beauty in our lives because they seem to us to be all drudgery, all prosaic and commonplace! If we are working out on the lines of faithfulness, of earnestness, of sincere desire after highest things; if we are taking up the tasks of self-denial and self-sacrifice that are appointed us, then are we artists of the spirit, creators of that high spiritual beauty that has inspired painter and poet, saint and saviour through all the ages. Beauty and duty are convertible terms. The beauty that violates the canons of duty is ugliness. And the duty that takes up the humblest human service is beauty.

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

God's Image in Man: Some intuitive perceptions of truth: By Henry Wood, author of "Edward Burton," "Natural Law in the Business world," etc. Lee & Shepard, 1892. $1.00.

This book belongs to a class of works that the critic would fain praise if he could. The purpose of the book is excellent. Its aim is to urge men to look less to the outer word of God in creed or church, and more to the inner word in man's own soul. And the result of the work will no doubt be excellent also. It will help the average reader to see more of the divine in humanity. To gain more courage in thinking and acting for himself in religion.

But if the critic is to be honest as well as kind, if he is to consider the execution as well as the aim of the work, then he cannot let this book off with a few words of praise. For it has a crudity of thought and a narrowness of horizon not to be expected in one claiming to "search for truth for its own sake and to recognize it wherever found." It abounds in Biblical interpretations distorted to fit the theory of the writer, in utter disregard of their historic meaning. The proposal to let the creeds "stand but give them new meaning" is rightly branded as "careless and self-contradictory—not to say dishonest." Yet the writer applies exactly the same "careless and self-contradictory—not to say dishonest" treatment to the Bible.

He tells us that "the maledictions of the imprecatory Psalms of David were directed against the adverse forces of his own lower nature, and not against foes without"; that by being "lifted up" Jesus meant not his crucifixion, but his elevation above "that which is material and selfish"; and that Paul's statement about the second Adam being "a quickening spirit" meant that Jesus introduced the higher spiritual life and not that he raised the Jewish dead to life, quickened them, to live in the kingdom of heaven.

Indeed, the author shows a complete absence of any historic knowledge of the growth of Christianity, or any comparative knowledge of other religions. He says that "the idea of God reached its highest development in the period of the Primitive Church," higher even than in the nineteenth century. He also asserts that the healing power was possessed by the early church, and lost through its loss of spirituality. He is apparently unaware of the countless miracles of healing wrought by Catholic saints during the middle ages. One single Franciscan alone, Capistrano, raised more than a score of dead to life and healed 1,413 cases of deafor blind or crippled, besides unnumbered other cases of ailments that could not be classified. And these cures rest on far better evidence than those recorded in the New Testament. And our author seems also unaware of the fact that all preachers and prophets among savages still claim the gift of healing and practice it. It is not decrease of spirituality, but increase of civilization that has caused this gift to disappear among us.

The author's sins against history are almost equalled by his sins against natural history. But surely here are instances enough to show that the book is unworthy of any permanent place in religious literature and unsatisfactory to any one who has the wider horizon of to-day. A. W. G.

Imperia. By Octavia Hensel. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.

A short preface tells us that despite the improbable intrigue of this story, it is yet a true one, heard in court circles at Vienna, and that its dramatis personæ still live in mountain castles of Austria and in "palace-like American homes." Despite these claims on our interest, the book seems long drawn out and needlessly involved. Dr. Holmes makes fun of the people who read with a book-mark, but even the Autocrat might have needed one to keep his place in these conversations. The action is so slow that one loses interest in the complications long before the outcome is reached.

Glimpses of A Better Life. By Lewis Gilbert Wilson. Published by John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.

This book of hardly seven score pages is directed to the conscience and to faith rather than to the intellect, and while pleasant reading for those who do not need its teachings, it will be of little interest to those who do. Glimpses of a better life are traced in the innocence and power of infancy, in the expanding view and aspiration of childhood, in the happy memories of the past and the revelations of the future. Especially is it shown that these glimpses are obtained through knowledge of God gained by Prayer in its noblest form, and through the peace of soul that comes from obedience to conscience.

The best chapter is upon Duty, but the book is not adapted to produce a vivid impression upon any mind.

In the City by the Lake. By Blanche Fearing, Chicago: Searle & Gorton.

There is warmth and power in the two long poems of this volume. They glow with passionate resistance against the wrongs of the world and with a longing to have truth revealed and justice done. The cause of the brotherhood of man finds here a helper, not only tender but thoughtful.

"If you would lead men surely angelward,
Teach them to think,—not what to think,
but how."

It is always a hazardous experiment to cast a long tale into verse, and one's first feeling is that the strength of thought and delicacy of execution put into these measured lines would have found equally good or better expression in prose, gaining at the same time certain advantages that verse must renounce. One hesitates to say this to a writer who reveals so clearly the poetic nature and power as does Miss Fearing, and it is said only out of the conviction that blank verse cramps in a degree the clear, free thought. Such prose as that of Cardinal Newman or Mr. Ruskin, "which floods the soul with imagery and music like the finest poetry" must show to a writer like Miss Fearing that she has nothing to lose and something to gain by renouncing metre for a long narrative, while there still remain the widest fields of thought and emotion open to her as a poet. E. E. M.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

England and Its Rulers. By H. Pomeroy Brewster and George H. Humphrey. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 313. Price $1.50.

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Notes from the Field.

Cleveland, O.—Rev. Francis A. Christie will be in charge of Unity church during September. Mr. Christie has recently come into the Unitarian ministry. After leaving college he was for a few years a teacher in a classical school. He pursued his theological studies in Germany and upon his return last year he was invited to take the chair of Professor Thayer in the Cambridge Divinity School during the latter's absence in Europe for a year. We understand that he has recently declined a call to a Greek professorship in one of the leading colleges of New England. His past year at Cambridge has won him the confidence and warm regard of associate instructors and of the students. Mr. Christie brings to his work large scholarship and high and worthy aims, and he will prove a valuable acquisition to the Unitarian ministry, whether his work be found in the pulpit or the professor's chair.

—Mr. Hosmer tarried two days among his friends last week on his way to his new work as secretary of the Western Conference.

Boston.—Rev. S. J. Barrows, editor of the *Register*, and his wife have sailed for a sojourn of a year in Europe. Rev. S. W. Eush will have editorial charge of the paper during the absence of Mr. Barrows.

—A second assistant has been sent to the Universalist Mission in Japan to meet the increasing needs of Rev. Dr. Perin, who has charge of the mission.

—A church to cost $6,000 will directly be built in Roslindale (suburb).

Toledo, O.—The Church of our Father resumed services on Sunday, Sept. 4. Rev. A. G. Jennings announces the following sermon subjects for the present months: Sept. 4, "What Religion may do for us;" Sept. 11, "Strikes and Strikers;" Sept. 18, "Kindness to Animals, or a Word for the Dogs;" Sept. 25, "The Briggs controversy, or Authority in Religion." The Sunday-school meets after the morning service.

Battle Creek, Mich.—The autumn meeting of the Michigan Conference of Independent and Unitarian churches will be held at Battle Creek, Oct. 11, 12 and 13. The Conference will meet with the Independent Congregational Society, Rev. Mr. Simonds, minister. The program of the meetings will be given later.

Milwaukee, Wis.—The Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent churches will hold its autumn meeting in Milwaukee, Oct. 3, 4, and 5. The program will be announced later.

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—Chicago *Herald*, August 7, 1892.

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Only to catch and to hold
In a poor, frail word-mould
A little of life;
That the soul to whom you show it
May say: "With truth it is rife,
This poem—I lived it of old."

Ah, the light wherein we read
Must be the light of the past,
Or your poem is nothing at best
But an empty rhyme,
And to summon back grief what need
Of word of yours?—Through all time
It abides with us to the last.

Sing to us of joy then. Borrow
Of life its happiest hours,
Sing of love, and hope, of flowers,
Of laughter and smiles;
But not too oft of sorrow!—
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—*F. W. Robertson.*

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As though he fain would stay,
We plead, with sighs and eager eyes,
"Dear Spring, no more delay."

And lo! some sunny morn in March,
From skies no longer dumb,
An azure flash, a plaintive note,
Proclaim the bluebirds come.

Listen! there is robin's voice,
His carol soars and swells,
While April's sparrow warbles "Sweet!"
And trills like silver bells.

The blackbirds from the blossoming woods
Send forth their liquid strains,
And meadow larks hold jubilee
With quivering, long refrains.

Mid tangles of melodious airs,
May comes with fresh, young leaves,
And twittering swallows, wheel and dive
And build beneath the caves.

The perfumed apple blossoms know
The oriole's sweetest tune;
The bobolinks, with bursts of joy,
Ring in the rose-red June—

The rose-red June, when thrushes sing
Ecstatic, thrilling notes;
When floods of melody pour forth
From tiny, tremulous throats.

Thro' cool cathedral aisles we hear,
Among the sylvan choir,
The vireo's soft and mellow flute,
The thrush's golden lyre.

Oh, little minstrels, chanting sweet!
Were mine the poet's art,
I'd put your music in my verse,
As now 'tis in my heart.

—ANNA M. PRATT, *in Golden Days.*

Octagon and Nannie.

Octagon is the name of a horse who used to live at a lighthouse station on the island of Nantucket. There was a low fence all around the house. This made good yard room, and kept out the cows. Octagon was the lightkeeper's horse, so he was allowed to graze outside the yard. Nannie, a little goat, lived there, too. Nannie had very winning ways. She would go along to Octagon, and, putting her head down close to his, and up on her hind feet. Then Octagon would stop eating the nice fresh grass, and look at her.

If he was in a happy mood Nannie would run off a little way, then turn and look back.

She would run back and forth until the big horse was ready for play. Then Nannie would run around outside the fence as fast as her little legs could carry her. Octogon could run faster, but he never did. That would not be playing. He would gallop just behind Nannie, bringing down both forefeet together, close to her little scurrying ones, taking care not to touch them.

Nannie would run around and around until she was all out of breath, when she would jump over the fence into the yard and stand there, panting. Octagon would stop running, too, and stand looking at Nannie, as much as to say: "What! tired with that little run? It was n't more than half running; I could go like that all day long, and not feel tired."

When Nannie was all ready for another run, she would leap over the fence, and away the two would go again. Sometimes Nannie would stop to rest three or four times before she had finished her play, and Octagon always stood watching her. When she was tired enough to stop altogether, Nannie would go and lie down, and Octagon would begin eating the nice fresh grass again.—*Lilla Barnard, in Our Little Men and Women.*

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"The Italian stood in a hopeless despair, wrung his hands, and burst into tears.

"The astonished newsboys at first laughed, and then, overcome by the the poor fellow's grief, drew near cautiously and emptied their well-filled pockets into the cart. Then they pitched in vigorously and helped the now encouraged Italian to gather up the fallen fruit. The apples and pears were soon back into the cart, with not one missing, and the Italian felt so thankful to the gamins that he immediately presented each one of them with a large apple. The boys laughed merrily this time, and soon dispersed in the crowd. The Italian continued his journey with a beaming face and a much better opinion of New York newsboys than he had ever had before."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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"Oh," but, said the German, "dat's not humor. Dat's von *lie!*"

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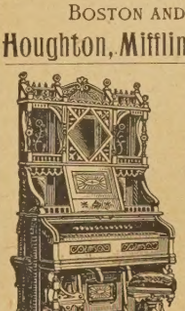

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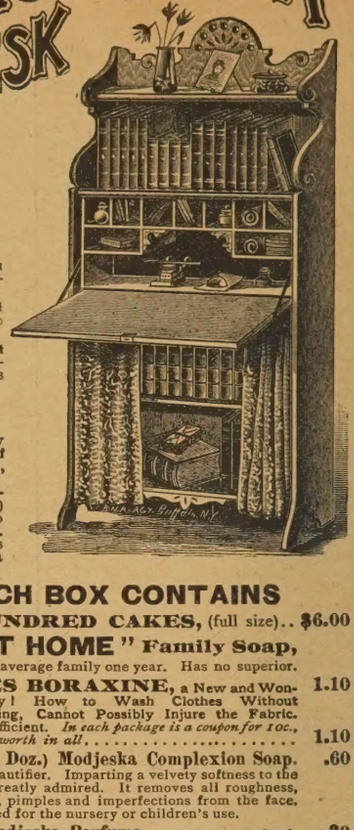

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